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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Today, as a service to students of American literature, this column presents digests of two classic American novels:

THE SCARLET LETTER

by Nathaniel "Swifty" Hawthorne

This is a heart-rending story of a humble New England lass named Hester Prynne who is so poor that she does not have what to eat nor a roof to cover her head. But she is a brave, brawny girl and she never complains, and by and by her patience is rewarded: in the summer of 1859 she wins a football scholarship to Alabama.

Hard-working Hester soon wins her letter and everyone says she is a shoo-in for All-Conference honors, but along comes the War Between the States and football, alas, is dropped for the duration.

Everyone says she's a shoo-in for All-Conference honors

Poor Hester goes back to New England. It is a bitter cold winter and poor Hester, alas, does not have any warm clothing except for her football sweater from Alabama, but that, alas, has a big scarlet "A" on the front of it and she can hardly wear such a thing in New England where Union sentiment runs so high.

Poor Hester, alas, freezes to death.

LITTLE WOMEN

by Louisa May "Bubbles" Alcott

The Marches are a very happy family—and for no discernible reason. They are poor as snakes; they work from cockcrow to evensong; their dear old father Philip is away with the Union armies; and they can't do a thing with their hair.

Still, nothing can dampen the spirits of madcap Meg, jocular Jo, buoyant Beth, animated Amy, and crazy old Marmee, as the merry March girls laughingly call their lovable mother.

Well sir, one Christmas the March girls get an invitation to a ball. They are dying to go because they never have any fun at all except maybe a few chuckles during the hog-rendering season. But Beth reminds her sisters that they can hardly go traipsing off to a ball and leave poor Marmee all alone at Christmas time. The sisters swear a lot, but they finally agree with Beth.

Marmee, however, will not hear of it. "Land's sakes, little women!" she cries. "You must go to the ball and have some fun. There will be fruit punch and Toll House cookies and Early American sandwiches. Best of all, there will be morris dancing. Oh, how your father and I used to love that!"

"I never knew father could dance," cries Meg.

"Oh yeah?" cries Marmee. "You should have seen Philip morris."

"Was Philip a good morriser?" cries Jo.

"The best!" cries Marmee. "Philip could morris in soft pack or flip-top box and was full of fine, fresh, natural mildness!"

The girls are cheered to hear this and go to the ball. Marmee stays home alone, but soon gets a wonderful surprise: Philip comes back from the war!

When the girls return from the ball, they find Marmee and Philip morrising, and they cry "Huzzah!" and throw their poke bonnets in the air, where they are to this day.

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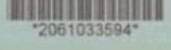
And speaking of literature, in our book the best selection of cigarettes on the market today comes from Philip Morris Inc.—Marlboro filters; new Alpines, high filtration and light menthol—and, of course, mild, unfiltered Philip Morris.



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